



The Stumbling-Block.

From *Claudian*, against *Rufinus*.

— *Ridiculum acri*
Fortius & melius magnas plerumq; secat res. Hor.

TWENTY Conundrums have o'-late
 Been buzzing in my addle Pate.
 If earthly Things are rul'd by Heaven,
 Or Matters go at Six-and-Seven,
 The Coach without a Coachman driven?
 A Pilot at the Helm to guide,
 Or the Ship left to Wind and Tide?
 A great First-Cause to be ador'd,
 Or whither All's a Lott'ry-Board?

A

For

For when, in viewing Nature's Face,
 I spy so regular a Grace!
 So just a Symmetry of Features,
 From Stem to Stern, in all her Creatures!
 When on the boistrous Sea I think,
 How 'tis confin'd like any Sink!
 How Summer, Winter, Spring and Fall
 Dance round in so exact a Brawl!
 How, like a Checker, Day and Night,
 One's mark'd with Black and one with White!

Quo' I; I ken it well from hence,
 There's a presiding Influence!
 Which wont permit the rambling Stars
 To fall together by the Ears:
 Which orders still the proper Season
 For Hay and Oats, and Beans and Peasen:
 Which trims the Sun with its own Beams,
 Whilst the Moon ticks for hers it-seems;
 And, as ashamed of the Disgrace,
 Unmasks but seldom all her Face:
 Which bounds the Ocean within Banks,
 To hinder all its mad-cap Pranks:
 Which do's the Globe t'an Axle fit,
 Like Wheel to Nave or Joint to Spit!

But then again! How can it be?
 Whilst such vast Tracts of Earth We see
 O'er-run by barb'rous Tyranny!

Vile Sycophants in Clover blest'd ;
 Whilst Patriots with Duke *Humphrey* feast
 Brow-beaten, bully'd and oppress'd !
 Pimps rais'd to Honour, Riches, Rule ;
 Whilst He, who scorns to be a Tool,
 Is the Priest's Knave, the Place-Man's Fool !

This whimsical Phænomenon,
 Confounding all my *Pro-and-Con*,
 Bamboozles the Account again,
 And draws me *Nolens-Volens* in,
 Like a press'd Soldier, to espouse
 The Sceptic's hypothetic Cause :
 Who Kent will to a Codling lay us,
 That Cross-or-Pile refin'd the Chaos ;
 That jovial Atoms once did dance,
 And form'd this merry Orb by Chance.
 No Art or Skill were taken up,
 But all fell-out as round as Hoop !
 A *Vacuum's* another Maxim ;
 Where, he brags, Experience backs him :
 Denying that all Space is full,
 From Inside of a Tory's Skull.
 As to ~~his~~ Deity ; his Tenet
 Swears by It, there's Nothing in it ;
 Else 'tis too busy or too idle,
 With our poor Bagatelles to meddle.

ANNA's Curb to lawless *LOUIS*,
 Which as illustrious as true is ;

Her

Her Vict'ries o'er Despotic-Right,
 That passive non-resisting Bite,
 Have brought this Myſtery to Light:
 Have fairly made the Riddle out,
 And answer'd all the squeamiſh Doubt:
 Have clear'd the Regency on-High
 From every presumptuous Why.

No more I boggle as before,
 But with full Confidence adore;
 Plain, as Noſe on Face, expounding
 All this intricate Dumbfounding;
 Which to the mean'ſt Conception is,
 As followeth here-under, viz.

*Tyrants mount but like a Meteor,
 To make their headlong Fall the greater.*



L O N D O N: Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT, at the *Cross-Keys* between
 the two Temple-Gates in *Fleetstreet*. 1711.

(Price 2 d.)